

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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NOTICE!

Our Subscribers will be presented with No. 5, A
GRAND TRIUMPHAL MARCH, composed expressly
for this Journal, by M. MOSCHELES.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE manager of this establishment has politely furnished us with a written copy of the prospectus he intends to issue of the arrangements for the coming season. It is with un concealed pleasure that we select the principal points in this document for the information of our readers. Viewing it as a whole, there has never been in our memory of the Opera a programme so thoroughly interesting in a musical point of view. Hitherto directors have imagined that, provided there was a brilliant array of executive talent in their prospectuses, it mattered not one straw what was the quality of the music to be executed. In the written programme before us we find that Mr. Lumley has considered it expedient to adopt quite another view, and so fully are we persuaded of its soundness, that we at once tender him our congratulations and our heartiest wishes for his success. But we must not, in our zeal for Mr. Lumley's new politics, endeavour to blink the fact that opposition has had a beneficial interest in promoting them: Mr. Lumley, it is true, has been the resuscitator of the Italian Opera in this country. He found it tottering and decayed; he renovated and made it weatherproof. He found it out of credit and in ill odor; he restored it to integrity and reputation. He found ill-paid and unpaid artists, an interior in disorder, a band and chorus in revolt, shabbiness and poverty rampant within the walls, and as with the wand of an enchanter, he turned all this topsy-turvy, made that which was bad good, that which was shabby decent, that which was poor wealthy. The ill-paid artists he turned to *millionaires*, the unpaid he made comfortable citizens. The disorder of the interior he marshalled into symmetry and regularity, the band and chorus he reduced to discipline and raised to perfection and magnificence, and the whole establishment he as completely changed, as when in a pantomime or Easter spectacle, the scene, which was a dark cavern, vanishes away and gives place to a gorgeous palace in fairy land. Mr. Lumley, it must not be denied, effected all this; and at the same time benefited himself, carved out a position among the great ones of the earth, nourished himself with rich wines and juicy viands, and clad in ermine, walked *per alta*. And who shall blame him? The labourer is worthy of his hire, and Mr. Lumley has nobly earned his position. Yet in all that he did we had reason to remark no change in the musical politics of his predecessors. He differed from them inasmuch as that he gave sumptuous entertainments and paid the cost to a fraction:

whereas they gave but meagre fare, and left even that unliquidated, hungry creditors in vain crying, "give, give!" at the porch. Herein he merits all the eulogy that has been bestowed upon him. Nor can we overlook the splendid condition to which Mr. Lumley has raised the *ballet* at his establishment, and the rare diplomacy by means of which he has effected what, until his advent, was the utter despair of managers:—viz., the simultaneous co-operation, in one entertainment, on the same night (the importance of the subject will excuse the tautology) of the great luminaries of Terpsichore. At first, Mr. Lumley contrived to bring Fanny Elssler and Cerito—the one in the prime of her reputation, the other in the dawn of her celebrity—together, in a *pas de deux*. This naturally created a *furor*, and utterly bewildered the stalls and the *Omnibus*. But the consummation of this policy in the *Pas de Quatre*, when Marie Taglioni, Lucile Grahn, Fanny Cerito, and Carlotta Grisi consented to abandon their solitary spheres of despotism, and unite in one republic for the administration of delight to the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre—and moreover, the persistence in this policy, exemplified in the brilliant *Pas de Déesses*, were triumphs of managerial tactics, of which Mr. Lumley had every reason to be proud, little Perrot's share in the transaction being equally considered. In this also Mr. Lumley rose above all the managers that had gone before him.

But, in the written prospectus which lies upon our table, the *Ultima Thule* of a musical manager's aspirations (or at least what should be so) is shadowed forth in portentous prophecy. The greatest composer in the world has consented to write an opera, on the subject of one of Shakspeare's undying plays, and this will be interpreted by singers, and an orchestra and chorus worthy of the task, under the immediate direction of the author. Here then we are forced to congratulate ourselves and without risk of being dubbed egotists. At the trying moment, when a vast and organized opposition threatens the perdition of Her Majesty's Theatre, to whom does the manager fly for aid, to whom does he address himself to rescue him from danger? Reader, we tell you a truth—for it is written on the forehead of the manuscript prospectus that has been placed in our hands—the weapon which Mr. Lumley will use in his defence, the sword that he will brandish in the visage of his enemies, assumes the shape of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, the king of modern German musicians. This is our answer to the scoffers who have laughed at us for advocating the necessity of resorting to some such measure to serve as a staff for the Italian Opera, which of late years has been gradually dying of its own dullness. Cimarosa and Paisiello could sustain the Opera on its legs—Rossini could do it also, and without assistance—Mercadante, Donizetti, and Bellini, could effect it after a manner—but Verdi, and the like of him, cannot. The disease of the Italian Opera has grown into a

head, and Verdi is the fungus to which all the bad humours have flowed from the various parts. To re-establish health, this fungus must be lopped off, and a wholesome plaster be applied. The plaster will be Mendelssohn—but beware of applying it before the cancerous tumor, in which all the most virulent poisons of the disease are concentrated, be removed. It will not do for Mendelssohn to patch up Verdi—he must sit upon his vacant throne. Verdi must abdicate and Mendelssohn reign in his stead. But let us proceed to speak of the written prospectus in detail.

We shall follow the written prospectus in the order of its arrangement. It commences with a list of the engagements for the operatic department. The first of these is the celebrated Jenny Lind, who, apparently disregarding of the menaced law-suit of a rival manager, has made up her mind to place her reputation at the tribunal of an English public. Report has been busy on this matter. Some have it, that the *dedit* specified in Mr. Bunn's engagement with Jenny Lind is so large as to render it incompatible with the interests of Her Majesty's Theatre for Mr. Lumley to pay it. Others affirm that the engagement has been assigned by purchase from Mr. Bunn to the Covent Garden speculators. But the majority assume that there is no stipulated fine in the original engagement with the Drury Lane manager, and that, in consequence, when Jenny Lind has appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, an action for damages will be laid by Mr. Bunn, or the holders of the engagement, whoever they may happen to be at the time. Be this as it may, we have had ocular evidence, in the Swedish nightingale's own handwriting, that she considers herself engaged to Mr. Lumley, and the inference to be drawn can only be that she intends to risk the consequences, whatever may come of it. In which case the public will be the gainers, and Mr. Lumley entitled to an acknowledgment of his bold and enterprising speculativeness. The other *cantatrice* of note is the modest and talented Made. Castellan, who will always find admirers, while the combination of unassuming manners and artistic power, in the person of a young and charming female, shall be found worthy of attention. Made. Del Carmen Montenegro, a Spanish artist, not unknown to this country—Mlle. Sanchioli, who during the whole of last season supported the abuse of the *Chronicle* and the flattery of the *Post* with perfect equanimity—Signora Vietti, a new *contralto*—Mad. Daria Nascis, and Mlle. Tagioni, also unknown here, complete the catalogue of female vocalists. The list of the male singers is unusually strong:—Signor Fraschini, the tenor from the *San Carlo* at Naples, in whose favour fame has blown loud flourishes, with a trumpet of many valves—Signor Gardoni, from the *Académie Royale* in Paris, whom we have both heard and seen, and to whose fine talent and prepossessing appearance we can bear testimony—Signor Superchi, a baritone, for whom it is said (as though it were a matter of some importance) that Verdi wrote the opera of *Ernani*—Signor Coletti, a bass, who since the season he passed in London five years ago, has earned a large meed of fame in Italy and France—Herr Staudigl, whose venture on the Italian stage cannot but be a matter of lively interest to his London friends—Frederic Lablache, whose improvement lately has induced us to entertain hopes that eventually he may supply the place of his great progenitor—Signor Corelli, a useful second tenor, well known to the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre—and lastly the great Lablache himself, the hero of a thousand triumphs, incontestably the most consummate artist of the day. Nothing could well be stronger than this, and we do not expect that even the *Morning Chronicle* will be disposed to direct its artillery

against so compact and well-appointed a phalanx. So much for the vocalists.

But we have yet more particulars to record about the opera department. One promise we shall dismiss without comment:—Signor Verdi, having recovered from his indisposition, has been for some time engaged on the composition of an opera, the subject of which is founded upon the *Robbers* of Schiller. Better than this, the *Robert Bruce*, which has been unhandsonely fathered upon Rossini, but which is interesting on its own account, will be presented early in the season. Better still, Meyerbeer is coming to preside at the rehearsals of his *Camp of Silesia*, in which Jenny Lind and Fraschini will sustain principal characters. Report dilates in glowing terms upon an air in this opera in which the celebrated vocalist and the *flauto primo* contend in a skirmish of florid incredibilities of execution; a Meyerbeerian version of the famous scene in Le Brun's *Rossignol*. The presence of Meyerbeer will be an immense stimulus to the perfect execution of his work. He is known to be a most particular and exacting director, and one not likely to let a single error pass without correction. No fears need be entertained of the hurried production of the *Camp of Silesia*, while Meyerbeer is at hand to watch its progress in rehearsal. This must be regarded as one of the grand points of the season. But a still grander remains to be recorded—that which was shadowed forth in our preamble. Mr. Lumley has prevailed upon Dr. Mendelssohn to compose music to a *libretto* of Seribe, founded on the *Tempest* of Shakspeare. The opera is to be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Jenny Lind as Miranda, Staudigl as Caliban, Gardoni as Ferdinand, and Lablache as Prospero. To dilate upon this would be superfluous. The appearance of an opera from the pen of Mendelssohn, as the *Morning Herald* justly remarks, will form an epoch in the history of music. Since the composition of *Fidelio* no event of such importance to the art has occurred. It will be hailed with acclamations by the musical world, as the appearance of a new planet in the system of which Mendelssohn is the bright and burning sun. Mr. Lumley deserves the thanks, not only of the immediate followers of the musical profession, but of the civilized world at large. He has been the means of gifting the art with a new truth—another stone in the great spiritual edifice which the master-minds of music have been rearing since its infancy. The opera of Mendelssohn will be all this, for the composer of *Elijah* cannot afford to retrograde. Add to these a *repertoire* of the popular works of Mozart, Cimarosa, Rossini, Mercadante, Donizetti, and Bellini, and a richer feast of anticipation never welcomed the gaze of an undecided subscriber reading his prospectus.

The orchestra is next to be considered. On this point we have reason to believe that Mr. Lumley has vanquished one of his chiefest difficulties. He has, by a large amount of exotic assistance, added to three and twenty staunch veterans who would not, or as the *Chronicle* insists (which we do not insist), could not go to the new establishment, contrived to bring together an orchestra of magnificent pretensions. Besides Tolbecque, the leader of the opera, Nadaud, leader of the ballet, and other scions of the ancient stock, the following foreign stars (among numerous others) have been secured:—first oboe, Lavigne, from Brussels, (excellent); first clarinet, Dell' Uomo, (from Milan); first *contra-basso*, Anglois, (Turin); first violoncello, Piatti; first bassoon, Koesel and Templini; (both are put down as *first*); first flute, Elie, (Paris); first trumpet, Zeiss; (Brussels, *admirable*):—and many others too numerous to mention. That this large influx of foreigners, who may be regarded as perpetually fixed in the country is much to be regretted, no one who considers the subject can

doubt. It will help to impoverish still further a very impoverished class, by dividing their already slender resources. But what was Mr. Lumley to do? The Opera cannot exist without a band, and band-compilers for Italian operas have no faith in English professors. We are sure that neither Signor Costa, nor the seceders (or "the rebels," as the *Post* facetiously terms them) foresaw this inevitable result of the secession from the dominion of Mr. Lumley. Alas! to think of what changes may be made in a few years in the physiognomical surface presented by our orchestras at the Philharmonic, the Ancients, Exeter Hall, and the Provincial Festivals! How many veterans will be set aside for new comers and whiskered *parvenus*, who shall say? But this is now unavoidable and our artists must be on the look out. Mr. Willy must hoist a standard and all the "natives" will flock to him as to a captain. He, perhaps, may lead them on to victory.

The chorus engaged by Mr. Lumley amounts to about eighty in number, and to the fresh voices and efficiency of these we had an opportunity of testifying the other night, when we heard them execute several compositions under the direction of our excellent friend, Balfe.

That Balfe continues to occupy the post of conductor of the orchestra is a fact on which we congratulate the Opera frequenters, in the teeth of the *Chronicle*. We consider him eminently qualified for the position, and nothing we have heard or seen has had any influence in persuading us to the contrary. Moreover, Balfe is a zealous and conscientious artist and labours hard in his vocation. And, to conclude, Balfe's name is European and would confer honour upon any lyrical establishment whatever.

The *Ballet* must be shortly dismissed. Here, indeed, Mr. Lumley is fortified on all sides, and is as unassailable as the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein, on the Rhine. The queens of the ballet are to be Lucile Grahn, Cerito, and Carlotta Grisi. This last engagement is another source of congratulation to ourselves—for have we not often said that the opera without Carlotta was as the heavens at night without the moon? But now we have the moon and all the stars, and strong hopes even of the sun—of Taglioni, who will once more, it is anticipated, (would that we could say it was certain) dance in the *Pas de Quatre*, and the *Pas de Déeses*, and in another *Pas*, which is to *out-pas* all *Pas* that have preceded it—the *Pas de la Constellation*, another child of Perrot's brilliant fancy. Then, moreover, we are to have a new planet in the system—Carolina Rosati from Milan, of whom report speaks, as the *Post* would say, egregiously. Besides these, a Madlle. Maurthier, (from Milan) whom we are assured is a full moon of beauty, and whom the *Post* declares to resemble one of Correggio's soft-eyed, rosy-shouldered nymphs; and to conclude, Madame Petit Stephan, Mdle. Caroline Bancourt, Mdle. Honoré, Mdle. Elise Montfort, Mesdames Thévenot, Julian, L'Amoureux, Emilie, Fanny Pascal, Bertin, and a host of minor satellites. The male dancers will include the inimitable Perrot, St. Léon, a certain M. Louis D'Or, (who, by rights, should be wedded to Mdle. L'Amoureux), MM. Gosselin, Venafra, Gouriet, Bertrand, and who not? The ballet-masters will be M. Paul Taglioni, and M. Perrot. The ballet composer, as usual, Signor Pugnini.

Among the novelties of the season is to be a *ballet*, written expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre by Henrich Heine, the poet, the object of which, according to the *Post*, is by seeking for a subject among the German black-letter folios, "to unite the mysticism of Goethe with the peculiarities of the modern ballet"—a singular means to produce a singular end, neither of which do we presume to understand.

The theatre will open in the middle of next month, with Donizetti's *La Favorite*, in which Gardoni will make his first appearance—and a new ballet by Paul Taglioni, which will be illustrated by the *début* of Carolina Rosati.

All this is plainly set down in the written prospectus which has been supplied to us. We have not interpolated one word, exaggerated one promise. If all be fulfilled as is here sketched out, who can doubt that Her Majesty's Theatre will have a brilliant season, and Mr. Lumley a new triumph?

MEMOIR OF PALESTRINA.

GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI, surnamed Di Palestrina, from the small town of that name in the principality of Rome, where he was born, was one of the most illustrious musicians of his time. Spite of his claims to the reverence of posterity, the name of his family, the circumstances of his parents, the date of his birth and death, are subjects of doubt and discussion. M. L'Abbé Baini, director of the pontifical chapel, expended his time in laborious researches respecting the life and works of Palestrina. Thirty years, however, employed in the task did not always conduce to the discovery of incontestable truth; and the Abbé himself is frequently reduced to relate contradictory traditions, and to discuss and leave undecided questions so long agitated. The utmost result of M. Baini's efforts seems to be that the parents of Pierluigi were indigent, that he died early in February, 1594, at the age of 70, and consequently that he was born in 1524. There is reason to suppose that he prosecuted his first literary and musical studies in quality of a choir-boy. According to Petriani, he arrived at Rome in 1540, in order to apply himself to the study of music. At this period the best musicians of Italy were French, Belgians, or Spaniards. The first regular school of music instituted at Rome by Gondimel, had for contemporary disciples Giovanni Annimuccia, Stephano Bettini, Alessandro Merlo, and Giovanni Pierluigi di Palestrina, the most celebrated among the composers. In September, 1551, under the pontificate of Jules the Third, he was chosen master of the choir-children of the Giulia chapel at 17 years of age. By a special decree of the chapter, the title of chapel-master was conferred upon Palestrina, the first time it was bestowed upon any one holding the situation of director of the choir-children. In 1554 he published the first selection of his compositions, in which were found four masses for four voices, and one for five. Submitting himself to the influence of the school in which he was educated, Palestrina wrote these masses in the style of his predecessors, but exhibited in the composition a superior mode of harmonic treatment. In this respect, the first mass, which is written entirely upon the ancient chant, *Ecco Sacerdos Magnus*, may be considered a work of great excellence for the period, although this mass, as well as the last, is disfigured by that extreme endeavour after the minute proportions of notation, of which the ancient masters of the French and Flemish schools made a monstrous abuse, about the end of the fourteenth and commencement of the fifteenth century. Pope Jules the Third, to whom Palestrina dedicated his first book of masses, recompensed him by entering him among the choristers of the pontifical chapel without examination, and contrary to the rules of the chapel, the strictness of which he himself enforced by a former decree. The superior talent which was apparent in this first work, seemed to the sovereign pontiff motive sufficient for an exception. His suit was signified to the college of the chapel singers on the 13th of January, 1555; but, unfortunately, Palestrina had more genius than voice, and this circumstance

exposed him to the jests of the other singers, who admired him on compulsion, and conferred on him with bad grace the usages of politeness. Jules the Third expired on the 23rd of March, 1555; Palestrina was then deprived of the high protection which defended him against the malevolence of the college, about five weeks after his admission into the chapel. The succeeding pope, Marcellus the Second, was well inclined towards Palestrina, and would have proved a prop of support to him had he lived. The death of Marcellus, which took place twenty-three days after his succession to the apostolic chair, was but the precursor of more lively griefs than had heretofore troubled the existence of the composer. Palestrina was married early. He had four sons, three of whom died in their youth. Hygin, the surviving son, was editor of the two last books of his father's masses. After the death of Pope Marcellus, his successor, Giovanni Caraffa, who ruled the church under the title of Paul the Fourth, summoned resolution to attempt effecting a reformation in the clergy of the court of Rome. His attention was first directed to the pontifical chapel, among whose singers were found many married men, contrary to the existing ecclesiastical law. These singers were, Leonardo Barré, Domenico Ferabosco, and Palestrina. From the moment of his admission the latter found little sympathy among his colleagues; nevertheless, as soon as the Pope ordered his expulsion from the chapel with the other two, the college took up his defence, in conjunction with that of Barré and Ferabosco, and strongly represented that they had given up advantageous posts for their situations, and that their appointments at the chapel had been stipulated as lasting for life. Spite of all argument and remonstrance, the inflexible Paul did not the less persist in his determination to expel married singers from his chapel, and issued an express decree on the subject in stern and humiliating terms. The only compensation offered to the expelled musicians for their loss was a pension of three crowns each per month. Overpowered by this calamity, Palestrina fell ill. In this situation his ancient colleagues came to see him, abjured the hate they had formerly shown to him, and became his most zealous friends. So celebrated a musician could not remain long without employment in a city containing so many splendid churches, in which music flourished triumphantly. He was offered the place of chapel-master of the Santo Giovanni di Lateran, to replace Luppachino, and he entered on his office in this cathedral on the first day of October, 1555, two months after his expulsion from the pontifical chapel. On this occasion a difficulty presented itself regarding the pension he had received from the Pope, which, according to precedent, would cease from the moment the pensioner entered upon any new employment. The chapter, nevertheless, decided that the pension should be continued, and the Pope himself confirmed the decision. Palestrina remained chapel-master in the church for five years, and during that period composed some of his best works,—among which we may mention his admirable *Improperii* for the office of Holy Week. The salary of his situation was so trifling that he was induced to accept the post of chapel-master of the Santa-Maria Maggiore, of which he took possession on the 1st of March, 1564, and which he held until the 31st of March, 1571. These ten years constituted the most brilliant epoch in the life of the master.

(To be continued.)

MONS. JULES DE GLIMES, the fashionable conductor and vocal professor, arrived in London, from Brussels, on Wednesday.

MADAME BISHOP IN THE PROVINCES.

(From the Birmingham Journal.)

January 16th

THE *début* of this famed cantatrice, who has reaped the richest laurels even in the land of song, has been most successful. On Wednesday evening she appeared at the Town Hall, and at once established herself in the good opinion of the audience, and taught even the initiated amongst her hearers of what music is capable, and that though the means of enjoyment have been well ransacked, there may be another new pleasure left. The audience was not so numerous as we expected, but the enthusiasm was unbounded. An overture and a tenor air protracted the appearance of the lady, and whetted curiosity. When she appeared, the applause was tremendous, and must have been gratifying to the interesting debutante. A brief sketch of her *personale* may not be unacceptable. She is rather below the middle height, and approaches that standard which, as loyal subjects, we are bound to consider a good one, which the altitude of our Queen has furnished. Her figure is compact and elegant; her face intellectual rather than beautiful, the fire of her dark eye lighting up the quiescence of her features. Her head is small, her forehead square, compact, and well developed. Her eyes are singularly expressive—sparkling, frowning, and laughing, and reflecting every phase of feeling. That prominent feature, of which, excepting in the case of ideal ladies, the less that is said about it the better, is, in this case, rather aspiring in its character, and gives the lady's face an air of unquestionable good humour. She dresses with exquisite taste, and withal has a lady-like deportment, winning grace, and dignity of manner. Such is this prima donna. Of her vocal powers it is less easy to speak in the calmness of every-day compliment. Her opening piece was a cavatina from Donizetti's "Ugo di Parigi," difficult of execution, but in the air prodigal of beauties. Her execution of the recitative at once placed us at ease as to her capabilities both of voice and execution. The former, as our readers are already aware, is a pure *soprano*, of great compass and richness, rather than the more insipid quality of sweetness. Her upper notes remind us of the luscious roundness of the tones of a flute, and the middle register is especially voluptuous. Her voice is not possessed of that bell-like clearness so frequently found in *soprano* voices, but has what may be called a veiled quality, which adds to its power, and the gorgeousness of its effects. Her execution is remarkably perfect—characterised by neatness in the introduction of her embellishments, of which she is occasionally lavish; and her execution of *fioritures* is no less finished and artistic. In the cavatina we have mentioned, her chromatic runs were executed with surprising certainty and taste. She leaps from octave to octave with ease, and produces an effect startling and delightful. Her falls are particularly beautiful and occasionally she introduces a half note, which melts away into a flood of the most harmonious embellishments, and then glides almost insensibly into the note upon which she has so tastefully dwelt. The romance from the opera of "Loretta," "On the banks of Guadalquivir," a delightful snatch of melody, developed the superb character of her swell, and the beauty of her modulation. This air was vociferously encored. The next cavatina, by Meyerbeer, "Ah, come rapida," evoked her histrionic powers. In the third movement, where the action of the libretto is spirited, she displayed great energy and fervour of feeling. It is scarcely necessary to say, that it is not reasonable to expect that a vocalist proficient in the florid ornaments of the Donizetti school of music can do justice to the simple

and unadorned ballads to which Burns loved to wed his matchless poetry. Yet "John Anderson, my Jo" was thus treated. This requires something approaching to genius. We have repeatedly heard this beautiful and touching air, which tradition tells us was at one time a chant in the "haly kirk," sung by the bright particular stars of ballad singing, but until Wednesday night we had no conception of the pathos of the music or the potency of the verse. Madame Bishop's execution of it was toned to the very essence of pathos. No extraneous ornament was introduced; it was given in its unadorned loveliness, and at the "rest" which immediately precedes the close of the air, the most intense sympathy was manifested, and rendered the succeeding burst of applause absolutely deafening. It is such music as this that fulfils the high purposes of the art, but its true interpretation is rarely met with. The shadow of the noble monument that covers the resting-place of the poet; the storied urn and animated bust that endeavour to perpetuate the image of one of Nature's noblest sons, would not yield the poet so much delight as could the glorious exposition of his sentiments, as given by Madame Bishop, if he were cognisant of the events of this nether world. No wonder that the hall rung with reiterated plaudits, and little marvel is it that the echo of the melody still plays upon our memory. The quaint and pretty French air, "Je suis la Bayadere," in which she accompanied herself on the tambourine, assisted by the harp of M. Bochsa, formed a pleasing *finale* to a very delightful concert. The voice of Mr. Arthurson, who assisted, is a high-pitched tenor, limited in compass, and deficient in expression. His style is cold and inanimate, and though there is a degree of sweetness in his notes, they are bald and colourless. Mr. Corri's pipe is a comical one, uncommonly harsh and most perseveringly monotonous. We need scarcely add, that M. Bochsa's fantasia on the harp was a luscious piece of instrumentation; occasionally giving forth tones like the breathing of Shakspeare's *Ariel*, then swelling into the majestic harmony of a full orchestra, and again in fitful sweeps and gusts giving expression to strains wild, brilliant, or plaintive.

The "*Maid of Artois*," at the Theatre on Friday night, afforded us an opportunity of judging of the histrionic powers of the gifted lady. Madame Bishop's execution of her part was marvellously perfect. The first scene is a difficult piece and by no means pleasing, yet she masters it effectively, and again at once carried with her the sympathy of her auditory. In the second part there is a pleasing though not an original melody, "Oh, what a charm." This she sang with characteristic simplicity. Her triumph, however, was in the last act, where weary and athirst she resigns herself to death. The air, "Oh, beautiful night," was sung with most exquisite pathos, and the grand finale, so complicated in its construction, and magnificent in its effects, was delivered with that finished grace, and buoyancy and brilliancy of voice, which forms so prominent a feature in the style of the accomplished artiste. We observe that she appears again in the same opera on Tuesday, when we counsel the attendance of all lovers of the divine art.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On Thursday last the following sacred selection was given at the third concert for the present season of the Hargreaves Choral Society. The night was intensely cold and foggy—the cold was in some degree mitigated by the Free Trade Hall being so well filled—but neither the bright glances of the

fairer portion of the audience, nor the brilliancy of the gas lights could dispel the gloom that was caused by the fog—and this threw such a damp on the concert that the first part passed off very heavily indeed, and must have no little tended to discourage the artists engaged.

PART FIRST.

Overture..... "St. Paul"..... Mendelssohn.
Chorus.... "Lord, thou alone art God" .. (St. Paul) .. Mendelssohn.
Recitative.... "Deeper and deeper still" }..... (Jephtha).... Handel.
Air..... "Waft her angels".....
Air..... "Return O God of Hosts" }..... (Samson).... Handel.
Chorus..... "To dust his glory".....
Song..... "Ave Maria"..... Cherubini.
(Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Leonard.)

Motet (full choir)..... "Sanctus"..... Palestrina.
Christmas Hymn.... "Adeste Fideles"..... Arranged by Novello.
Duet..... "Forsake me not" (The Last Judgment) Spohr.
Song..... "Honour and arms"..... (Samson)..... Handel.
Chorus..... "With thunder armed"..... (Samson)..... Handel.

PART SECOND.

Motet..... "Praise Jehovah"..... Mozart.
Recitative.... "Oh, worse than death".... }.. (Theodora).... Handel.
Air..... "Angels ever bright and fair" }.....
Chorale..... "Alla Trinita beata"..... (A.D. 1545) Palestrina.
Air..... "Total eclipse"..... }..... (Samson) Handel.
Chorus..... "Oh, first created beam" }.....
Air..... "Lord God Almighty"..... Neukomm.
Chorus.... "Then round about the starry throne" .. (Samson) .. Handel.
Chorale..... "Luther's Hymn"..... Harmonized by S. Bach.
(Trumpet Obligato, Mr. Ellwood.)

Solo and Chorus..... "Alma Virgo"..... Hummel.

As will be seen above, the concert was scarcely of that high character that the Hargreaves Society is now expected to produce. When sacred music is given, some complete work—some mass or cantata—or some entire oratorio is far more worthy of the powers and resources of the Hargreaves directors, their inimitable choir and excellent band; and, we think, would be far more pleasing to the body of subscribers generally, than any such selection as the one given on this occasion. There is a patch-work and want of continuity of interest about them at the best—and then, except given by such a society, what chance have we in Manchester of hearing the greatest works of the greatest composers? In London you have them given by the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall—then let our Hargreaves Society follow their good example. But to the performance. We must not notice each piece after our already lengthened remarks. Mr. Manvers was in good voice, and acquitted himself well in all he had to do. Unfortunately any singer who attempts to give "Deeper and deeper still," or "Total eclipse," is put into comparison with Braham, (we mean with Braham as he was, not now,) it is scarcely fair, but the thoughts will revert back to the splendid dramatic delivery of Braham in his *best* days so "long as memory holds her seat." Mr. Manvers, or any other tenor, may succeed better with these songs in the *next generation*! By the way, although Mr. Manvers was not quite so successful in the *dramatic* in his recitative, he gave us some *theatrical* pronunciation in his song, which he would do well to alter,

"Waft her angels to the *skies*—ies."

Why make *skies* into two syllables? Mr. A. Sapio is a bass or barytone of very moderate pretensions; he might well have chosen some song more suited to his limited power than "Honour and Arms." It may seem ungallant to speak last of the lady principals, but though last we do not think least of their talent. Miss Cubitt has a sweet and pleasing quality of voice, with a plain style of sticking to her text, which pleased us more than the ornaments introduced by her more shewy competitor, Miss Eliza Birch—of course the

voices are different, the former being a mezzo soprano, the latter, at present, a somewhat thin and high soprano; they both appear young too, so doubtless are far from being at the zenith of their powers. If they would allow us to give each a word of advice it would be to Miss Cubitt to infuse a little more animation and feeling into her manner, and to Miss E. Birch that she should be more certain of her intonation before she ventures on so much ornament; and she should not, when singing in English, *Italianize* her words, as "Taake, oh, taake me to your care!" her "Angels ever bright and fair," but for this, would have merited and no doubt received an encore.

The chief gems of the concert, both as to music and performance, were Mozart's Motett; Palestrina's Chorale (which was encored); and the chorus from Samson, "Then round about the starry throne," a bit of Handel that our choir revelled in accordingly. Great praise is due to the performance of Martin Luther's Hymn, as a chorale, by the choir, and to Mr. Elworth's admirable trumpet accompaniment, as also to Miss E. Birch, band, and chorus, for the "Alma Virgo" of Hummel's, (a most lovely composition, the orchestral accompaniment especially, are very beautiful) which made a good finale to one of the tamest concerts given for some time by the Hargreaves Society. We trust there will be something of a higher character in store for us at the next, or fourth concert, which is fixed, we see, for the 25th of February. Elijah is promised but cannot be done, it is expected, before April. — May we have Staudigl and Mendelssohn on that occasion!

THE RIVAL ITALIAN OPERAS.

Or the *Due Rivali*, Her Majesty's Theatre has made the first official announcement. The substance of the prospectus for the ensuing season (for particulars of which see our leading article) has appeared in all the morning journals of Thursday, with the exception of *The Morning Chronicle*. *The Times*, *Herald*, and *Daily News* are little more than statistical, while *The Morning Post* spins out its notice to a column and three parts in length. From the splendid array of talent put forth, and the magnificent promises held out by Mr. Lumley in his prospectus, we should have thought that even the *Morning Post* might have rested satisfied with the mere edict of so superlative a bill of fare: but, no! that zealous advocate thinks otherwise: it considers a small grain of irony necessary to flavour the programme. Grisi's "years" are again made the subject of discussion. One would absolutely be led to believe, from reading the articles in the *Morning Post*, that Madame Grisi was "fallen into the vale of years," instead of being, as most indubitably she is, in the very prime of womanhood. *The Morning Post* states that Madame Grisi has been fifteen years at Her Majesty's Theatre. We beg to correct our contemporary on this head. Mademoiselle Grisi made her first appearance in London in April 1834, and consequently Mademoiselle Grisi has been twelve, not fifteen, years at the Opera. The same journal accuses the *prima donna* of absolutism, meaning thereby to convey to its readers that Madame Grisi usurps all the leading characters in the theatre in which she is engaged. Justice bids us politely to contradict this assertion. The principal parts which the accomplished cantatrice has personated since her first advent to this country, could hardly have been undertaken, with success, by any *prima donna* who has been since engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre. Grisi is undoubtedly a great tragic actress, and has won her laurels, as well in the histrionic, as in the lyric

department of the opera. Her performances of Norma, Semiramide, Desdemona, Anna Bolena, Elvira in the *Puritani*, Ninetta, and other parts, are proofs of her superior tragic powers. The only comic parts she assumed at Her Majesty's Theatre for several seasons, were Norina in *Don Pasquale*, and Rosina in *Il Barbiere*. That she does not exert the *absolutism* ascribed to her by the *Morning Post*, even in parts which she has peculiarly made her own, may be instanced by her resigning her favourite character of Rosina in *Il Barbiere* to Persiani in Paris. The article in the *Morning Post*, however, from its important and elaborate statements deserves more consideration than we have room to devote to it this week. Next week we shall review it at length.

In an article on this subject, which appeared in the *Morning Herald*, of Monday, our contemporary follows up some statements and conjectures about the engagements at Her Majesty's Theatre for the forthcoming season, with the following excellent remarks:—

"In the mean while the public is diverted with the squabbling that is going on between the organs of the elder Theatre, and those of the new undertaking in Bow-street. What is said on the one side is flatly contradicted on the other, and the quarrel has reached a point when all courtesies are laid aside—when impertinence is met with impertinence, and vulgar imputation with defiance and rejoinder. Folks who are collaterally connected with the two establishments have rushed into print, and their letters have been sufficiently piquant to gratify the lovers of professional dispute; and, no doubt, more of the same sort are in store, which will be equally acceptable. Beyond, however, the amusement derived from these charges and recriminations, the public care very little for the real facts at issue, and the partisans on either side would show better taste and better generalship were they to abstain altogether from open scurrilities, which are neither calculated to strengthen the interests they defend, nor give their respective establishments credit in the eyes of the world. Mr. Lumley has no doubt found a direct practical antagonism to his Theatre—one conducted with largeness of view and helped by pecuniary sufficiency. It behoves him, therefore, to meet the danger which might otherwise threaten him with boldness and activity, and we apprehend he has done so, if we were to place any faith whatever in the hints which have oozed out of his engagements, present and prospective. The public will judge for themselves, and the competition no doubt will be productive of something very near perfection in either case. But for our own part, we have no hesitation in expressing the conviction, which we have from the first entertained, that there is not a public for two Theatres of this class, the costliness of which must inevitably keep them both beyond general accessibility, to the fatal narrowing of the receipts and the gradual absorption of the means of maintenance. This, however, only concerns those who choose to incur the heavy responsibilities in question, and indulge in golden dreams undisturbed by fears and misgivings—baked, let it be added, by the powerful incentives of personal animosity and the rancorous spirit of revenge."

We do not understand the last sentence, but with the rest of the observations we cordially assent. Coming from so impartial a quarter, they ought to have double weight with the contending parties.

The *Morning Chronicle* of Thursday contains an article respecting the progress of the alterations and modifications of Covent Garden. It speaks in high terms of what has been already done, and states that the New Italian Opera will be ready for performances in April. A Sunday journal contradicts flatly the coming of Jenny Lind to Her Majesty's Theatre. We can as flatly contradict the assertion of the Sunday journal. Jenny Lind is engaged, and were there any direct necessity, we could inform the said journal of the very night upon which Jenny Lind will appear at Her Majesty's Theatre. We are also able to say, that the order for the dresses and decorations in *La Fille de Regiment*, one of Jenny Lind's favourite operas, has been already issued by the management.

The *Morning Chronicle* of yesterday treats the prospectus

of Her Majesty's Theatre with the utmost coolness, and is entirely sceptical concerning the principal attractions held forth in the announcement. Our readers shall have the entire article.

"Our contemporaries published yesterday a notification of certain arrangements for the ensuing season at Her Majesty's Theatre. We need scarcely assure our readers that this circular is not the official prospectus, which has not yet been issued. As the main hope of having a presentable *prima donna* rests on JENNY LIND, and we are only told by the *Times* that she will "no doubt" come, it is evident there is every doubt. We know that overtures have been dispatched to Mr. Bunn (who is at Brighton on account of ill health) to ascertain at what amount he fixed his damages if Jenny Lind broke her contract with him, with an intimation to meet any reasonable arrangement; but we have reason to believe that Mr. Bunn will listen to nothing of the kind, and still greater reason to believe that unless he does abandon his contract Jenny Lind will not visit us. The idea of Meyerbeer coming unless the matter be arranged with the Swedish Nightingale, is absurd, for he not only drew up Jenny Lind's contract with Drury-lane Theatre, but specifically undertook to produce his opera there, the *Camp of Silesia*, which can only be given on a very large stage, as in the second act there are more than 300 people required at one time, with four distinct military bands. The opera of Mendelssohn is mere moonshine. It is true that he has promised to write an opera for Jenny Lind, when he has a good libretto; but, to our knowledge, he has refused shoals of poems; and it is not a fortnight since he declared that he had no opera ready, and, what is of more importance, no chance of any as he had not yet met with a libretto that he could approve of. To suppose that Mendelssohn would accept a French translation of Shakspeare's *Tempest* for an Italian opera, two of the principal parts to be supported by a Swede and a German, is to draw too largely on our credulity. Another reason that prompts us to regard the circular of our contemporaries as idle gossip is, that Rossini's *pasticcio Robert Bruce*, which has just proved a signal failure in Paris, as such a musical fraud deserved, is announced amongst the novelties."

In addition to the above remarks of the *Chronicle*, we publish a letter of Mr. Bunn's which appeared in the *Morning Post* of yesterday, as bearing closely upon the question so long at issue between the partizans of the Rival Operas.

"To the Editor of the *Morning Post*."

"Sir,—My attention has been directed to the following paragraph in the *Morning Herald* of this day, relating to the arrangements of the ensuing season at Her Majesty's Theatre:—

"At Easter Jenny Lind absolutely comes, and what is more, remains, throughout the whole of the season; the direful threatenings of Mr. Bunn, to whom she was last year under certain imputed obligations, being either removed by negotiations or regarded with defiance."

"The 'imputed obligations' between Mdlle. Jenny Lind and myself, consist of a formal contract drawn up by M. Meyerbeer, (who undertook to produce his opera of the *Camp of Silesia* with her at Drury Lane,) and it was executed in the presence of the British Minister at Berlin. Mdlle. Lind has made a forcible appeal to me to give up this contract, which I have most certainly refused to do. My 'direful threatenings' may be 'regarded with defiance,' but are not at present removed by negotiation; for, while I am ready to admit that a negotiation is under consideration, I beg to say the contemptible offer of compensation recently made me has been utterly rejected.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obliged servant,

"A. BUNN,
"York Hotel, Brighton, Jan. 21."

We abstain as yet from offering further remarks upon the advent of the Swedish Nightingale, having already pledged ourselves as being able to state the very night upon which she would make her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre.

It is gratifying to us to find, that *La Critique Musicale*, one of the most independent and able of the Parisian musical papers, has given us full credit for our impartiality regarding the Rival Opera Houses. "*The Musical World*," it remarks, "a special journal devoted to the art of music, and one generally well informed, has hitherto taken no position for either side. An impartial observer, it principally confines itself to publishing the correspondence emanating from the organs of either party. It declares itself the friend of both establishments, and expresses its wishes for the prosperity of

both. Will the hope of *The Musical World* ever be realised? We fear not. In this instance, as in every other, fortune will make two unequal parts of its favours." With this eulogium we shall conclude this week's remarks on the *Rival Italian Opera Houses*.

EXETER HALL.

In aid of the "Hullah Testimonial Fund," the object of which is to aid the spirited disciple of Wilhem in his praiseworthy object of erecting a large music-hall in London for his own purposes and for general musical performances on a vast scale, the first of a series of four concerts was given on Monday night. The design of these concerts is one of high interest and importance. It is to illustrate by examples the history and progress of English vocal music from the earliest times up to the present moment. Though we are no devoted admirers of the old English school of music, we cannot but admit the utility of these performances considered in the light of popular elementary lectures. Of course the first concert was likely to be the driest, and the least interesting, but even that contained much that was delightful and much more that was instructive. Our best mode of giving an idea of its nature will be to insert the programme.

PART I.—SACRED MUSIC.

Hymn . . .	Gloria in excelsis, Deo . . .	Chorus . . .	Tye, . . .	c. 1540	
Anthem . . .	Call to remembrance . . .	Soli and Chorus . . .	Farrant, . . .	c. 1564	
Prayer . . .	Hear the voice and . . .	prayer . . .	Semi-chorus . . .	Tallis, . . .	1567
Anthem . . .	Sing joyfully . . .	Chorus . . .	Byrd, . . .	c. 1580	
Metrical Psalm . . .	Ye children which do . . .	Semi-chorus and . . .	Chorus of Tenor . . .	Allison, . . .	1592
	serve the Lord . . .	Voices . . .			
Anthem . . .	O Lord my God . . .	Soli and Semi-chorus . . .	Bull, . . .	c. 1600	
Hymn . . .	Te Deum . . .	Double Choir . . .	O. Gibbons, . . .	c. 1610	

PART II.—SECULAR MUSIC.

Part Song . . .	In going to my lonely bed . . .	Chorus . . .	Edwardes . . .	c. 1550
Ballet . . .	Sing we and chant it . . .	Chorus . . .	Morley, . . .	1595
Part Song . . .	Awake, sweet love . . .	Soli . . .	Dowland, . . .	1597
Madrigal . . .	Lady, when I behold . . .	Chorus . . .	Wilbye, . . .	1598
Madrigal . . .	All creatures now . . .	Chorus . . .	Bennet, . . .	1601
Song . . .	Shall I seek to ease my grief . . .	Mr. Manvers . . .	Ferabosco, . . .	1609
Madrigal . . .	The silver swan . . .	Chorus . . .	O. Gibbons, . . .	1612
Song . . .	Sweet Echo . . .	Miss Rainforth . . .	H. Lawes, . . .	1634
Part Song . . .	Where the bee sucks . . .	Soli . . .	Wilson, . . .	1644
Song . . .	I long to sing the siege of Troy . . .	Mr. Leffler . . .	H. Lawes, . . .	c. 1650
Song . . .	Whilst I listen to thy voice . . .	Miss Dolby . . .	" . . .	"
Song . . .	Chloris yourself you so excel . . .	Mr. Manvers . . .	" . . .	"
Dialogue . . .	Daphne, shepherds if they knew . . .	{ Miss Rainforth and Miss Dolby }	" . . .	"
Song . . .	Why shouldst thou swear . . .	Mr. Leffler . . .	" . . .	"
Song . . .	As I walked forth . . .	Miss Dolby . . .	Johnson, . . .	"
Song . . .	Go, young man . . .	Miss Rainforth . . .	H. Lawes . . .	"
Duet . . .	Bacchus, Iacchus . . .	{ Mr. Manvers and Mr. Leffler . . . }	" . . .	"
Part Song . . .	The Waits . . .	Chorus . . .	Saville, . . .	c. 1660

The whole of the first part, though capitally executed by the choristers, who were selected from Mr. Hullah's upper-singing schools, was inevitably monotonous and dull. The total absence of rhythmic melody, the peculiarly Gothic nature of the harmonies, and the unfinished part-writing in the works of these old masters, which abound in every species of contrapuntal fault, makes listening to an uninterrupted succession of them a wearisome task to modern ears. The second part was more musically interesting, and agreeable in proportion. The works of Henry Lawes preponderated much more than their merits authorised, since nothing could well be more

spiritless and devoid of character. The part-song of Edwardes has some sweet melody, sometimes, however, disfigured by laboured attempts at imitation and elaborate counterpoint. It was beautifully sung. Morley's *ballet* is pretty and fanciful; it was well rendered, and encoored with unanimity. This was the first bit of decided tune, with beginning, middle, and end, that we had heard during the evening. John Dowland's part-song is also pretty and melodious; but this again is spoiled by attempts at imitations in the part-writing. The madrigals were unhappily chosen, partaking too largely of the sombre and fragmentary style of the ecclesiastical music. Mr. Manvers was encoored in the song of Ferabosco, in which, nevertheless, we could discover no merit whatever. Orlando Gibbons' madrigal is as ugly as a piece of music can easily be. If the "Song of the Swan," about which it treats, at all resembles it, then is the "Song of the Swan" unworthy of its reputation. Wilson's part-song is almost the same as that to which the name of Dr. Arne has most unwarrantably been affixed. It was excellently sung, and encoored with clamorous enthusiasm. Mr. Seguin sang the "Anacreontic Ode," by Lawes, much better than its dulness merited, and the same may be said of Miss Dolby in "Whilst I listen to thy voice." The duet of the two nymphs is very absurd; but was well sung, nevertheless, by Misses Rainforth and Dolby. The best song of the whole lot was "A forsaken lover's complaint," by Robert Johnson—a plaintive and simple melody, harmonized with unpretending sweetness. Miss Dolby's execution of this charming trifle was not only graceful and finished, but full of exquisite tenderness and pathos. She was encoored with one voice by the whole audience. In such songs as these Miss Dolby has no superior, her voice and style are alike suited to them. Miss Rainforth also gained a boisterous encore for her animated and *spiritual* delivery of "The young maid's resolution," the only one of the songs of Lawes that presents the ghost of a tune, with the exception of "Love's scrutiny," a song to which Mr. Seguin (who is to be doubly praised for having upon very short notice supplied the place of Mr. Leffler) rendered more than justice. The words of this latter song might with advantage have been reconsidered by the managers of the concert ere they had been admitted into the programme of a modern concert; they are positively indecent. We are none of your straight-laced persons, and are not likely to be offended by ordinary matters. But when we find nothing but filthy profligacy helped out by a villanous display of heartlessness, with no poetic beauty to redeem it, we cannot find it in our hearts to set decorum at defiance—and such are the words of this song, which are about as good as the music to which they are allied. The bacchanal duet has little merit, but was well sung by Messrs. Manvers and Seguin, and Saville's pretty "Waits" concluded the concert merrily. On the whole the selection was monotonous. Mr. Edward May must be praised for the efficient manner in which he conducted the entire performance—and Mr. Oliver May, a musician whose great merits ought to bring him more frequently before the public, deserves the highest praise for the admirable style in which during the first part he presided at the organ, and during the second at the pianoforte, filling up with extreme cleverness the accompaniments of almost all the pieces, the authors having left them with nothing but a figured bass to help out the melody. The second concert is announced for Monday, February 8th. The Hall was well attended. The organ, by the way, was erected by Mr. T. Robson, expressly for the occasion, the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society having declined to allow their own instrument to be used for the occasion. On

this particular a correspondent has forwarded us some particulars for insertion, which want of space compels us to defer till our next.

GREGORIANIZERS V. HARMONIZERS.

No. 2.

(From The Manchester Courier.)

WE alluded in a former article to the "fertile fancy" of the Gregorianizers, and we have since been much entertained by some amusing examples. One unassuming proposition is this—"The defenders of harmony are only those persons who know nothing of Gregorian music." This is concise and satisfactory. The bull has gone forth, and we are merely extinguished. With all due submission, however, to our rampant adversaries, we opine that there is something malignant in utter annihilation. We might have been allowed to descend to the grave with the consoling thought that we had met the foe with fearless, though unsuccessful bravery. This is denied us. We might have said, with honest Sir John, "We fought a full hour by Shrewsbury clock." But no, we are disbanded and cashiered, as unfit for duty, and we are henceforward to be considered as the Chelsea pensioners, of Tetracordian warfare. Our pen trembles in our palsied hand. What will harmonizers say to the establishment of a musical star-chamber, to be designated "the Hypo-mixo-lidio-phrygian order of knighthood?" Who could have anticipated the passing of an act for the suppression of sacred harmony? We quote from memory a rough draft of "The Gregorianizers' Relief Bill." "Whereas sundry rebellious persons have from time to time assembled for the purpose of singing divine compositions, known as "harmonized church song," be it hereafter enacted, that any person or persons suspected of this enormity shall be liable to imprisonment, unless the words be profane, without bail or mainprize." Tremble, ye lovers of Tallis, Tye, Purcell, and Gibbons. For our part, we confess our dreams are ever and anon disturbed with visions of these belted knights. We avoid with scrupulous care the abrupt corners of our streets, lest we should be laid low with a hypo-mixo battle-axe. Before we retire to oblivion we will remind our Quixotic antagonists of two or three defects. They tell us of their laborious researches, intense application, years of study, &c., they publish the result of all these, we pursue them, and yet, strange to say, "we remain in entire ignorance." While reading some of their speculations, we rub our eyes, and feel strongly inclined to refer to the title pages, to ascertain whether the work is not "Belzoni on Egyptian antiquities." That learned traveller informs us, that when he examined the ancient catacombs, he attached a piece of thread to the entrance carrying one extremity in his hand, to enable him to return without difficulty. What would have been his consternation, if after-travellers had amused themselves, and tired their readers with ingenious disquisitions on the texture of the thread, its colour, its probable length, and peculiar properties? What should we say to the antiquary who should present us with the figures from an Egyptian tomb, not as valuable curiosities, but as true copies of nature. Place these before the child,—the uncouth posture, the right-angled anatomy, and perhaps the small discrepancy of the arms extending to the ankles, and he will tell you in other words "the harmony of proportion is wanting." Let us not be thought to undervalue the disinterested exertions of the antiquarians. We would not rush in and break the slender thread of history, and then plunge into the secret caverns, and recesses of our own invention, or our florid imagination. We are indebted to the guide, not only for our internal ramblings, but for our safe

retreat. The upholders of mere antiquity seem to think that the great and beautiful must not be trusted by themselves; they must be put in leading-strings. We must abandon harmony, because "horrid examples" exist. The question is frequently asked, "What is the distinguishing feature of ecclesiastical harmony?" To the musician we might discourse on broad and fundamental harmonies. To the unmusical we say, What is the difference between a chapter of Isaiah and "Drink to me only?" between the triumphs of Rubens and the sign-board of a country inn? between the sculpture of Chantrey and the roughed wax-work of a hair-dresser's window? Do we close the scriptures because men misquote? Should we demolish all sculpture if some fanatic proposed the insertion of glass eyes, vermilion cheeks, and an elaborate wig?

The broad volume of Nature is open before us. Let the study of her beauties be pursued with humble simplicity, and the truth-loving student will not depart unrefreshed. Let him throw open the windows of his soul, and inhale the fragrance of her breath. Her daisied meadows, her flowing fields are all his. She sighs in the soft language of evening after her fallen votary-man. She thunders in her anger, and yet perverse man pursues the vagaries of his own imagination, and invents for himself a standard of beauty, as imperfect as it is presumptuous; as grovelling as it is fallacious. He seeks instruction with preconceived notions. Can he wonder if he reap disappointment. In this age of intellectual supremacy, we would not for one moment be misunderstood. We regard with intense satisfaction every approximation to the simplicity of primitive doctrine; but the arts, the divine handmaids of the church, must advance with the great stream of time. No earthly power can stem the torrent. No mortal can make the attempt without experiencing shipwreck and complete overthrow. We do not wish to lay too much stress on the discoveries of finite man. They are loud proclamations of his former ignorance; yet we do not return to the principles deduced from that ignorance. Sir Isaac Newton supposed himself a child playing with pebbles on the sea-shore, yet we do not dispute gravitation. If the cup of a man's terrestrial happiness be small, there can be no impiety in attempting to fill it. The Gregorianizers launch the vessel of discovery, and descend the stream buoyant with hope; then, like the disaffected crew of Columbus, they mutiny. "Take us," cry they, "to our own ancient stream, our native obscurity. You talk of antipodes, you say the world is round, and that everything in nature has its echo; but, oh, let us not lose sight of shore." This fresh water fry cannot live in the swelling waters of progression; they must return to the wildness of by-gone ignorance,—to the ruggedness of dim antiquity. Refinement and finished magnificence are not for them. These musical Calibans disdain the elegant attire which nature has so bountifully displayed; they cast the ponderous remains on shore, meagre and unsightly. We exclaim with Trinculo, "Verily it hath an ancient and fish-like smell." These Robinson Crusoes must, forsooth, live in solitary grandeur,—in sumptuous misery. St. Ambrose did not employ harmony, and Mr. Crusoe eschewed kerseymere, and in the plenitude of our simplicity, we conjecture, for one very excellent reason, they did not possess the article in question. In vain Nature's sonorous monitors proclaim the rules of harmony. The bells peal forth their sweetest chords from tower to spire, her hills and dales repeat the sound; she reverberates with rapture. The feathered songsters warble forth their praise; but man alone must descend to second infancy. In profane matters, indeed, he may employ the high resources of harmony, but in celebrating the glories of his Creator, barbarity must be his

guide, and ancient groping after truth his maximum in art. The practical part of the question presents insuperable obstacles, which we will hereafter explain. The sustaining a long and solemn tone is an artistical exertion, not a natural property of the vocal organ. How will voices out of tune blend with the organ? Will a 1000 rough, uncultivated voices be more endurable than 20, 12, or 2?

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

(Continued from page 34.)

PART I.—CHAPTER XVI.

THE next day the Captain had disappeared, and had left a gratefully expressed letter for his friends. He and Charlotte had, on the preceding evening, taken a sort of half-leave of each other, couched in monosyllabic words. She felt that the separation was to be eternal, and resigned herself accordingly; for in the Count's second letter, which the Captain had at last communicated to her, mention was made of an advantageous marriage; and although he paid no attention to this point, she looked upon the matter as certain, and gave up all thoughts of him.

She now conceived she had a right to exact from others that power which she had exercised over herself. What had not been impossible to herself must be possible to others also. With this view she commenced a conversation with her husband with the more openness and confidence, as she felt that the matter must once for all be brought to an issue.

"Our friend has quitted us," she said; "we are now towards each other as we were formerly, and it depends upon ourselves whether we can completely return to our old position."

Edward, who heard nothing, but that which flattered his passion, thought that by these words, Charlotte alluded to her previous state of widowhood, and was throwing out vague hints of a separation. He answered smiling, "Why not? it only requires a mutual understanding."

He felt he was much mistaken, when Charlotte proceeded thus: "We have now only to remove Ottilia elsewhere, for a double opportunity presents itself to place her in a position which would be most desirable. She can return to the school, now my daughter has gone to her great aunt, or she can be taken into a superior family, and there, with an only daughter, have all the advantages of a suitable education."

"But," said Edward tolerably composed, "Ottilia is so accustomed to our friendly society, that she would hardly be pleased with any other."

"We have all been spoiled," said Charlotte, "and you not the least. In the meanwhile an epoch has come which demands consideration, and which earnestly warns us to think what will be the most advantageous for the members of our little circle, and also to undergo some sacrifice."

"At any rate I do not think it fair," said Edward, "that Ottilia should be sacrificed, which will be the case, if at the present moment she is forced to be among strangers. The Captain has been sought here by his good fortune, and we may let him go, not only without regret, but with pleasure. Who knows what is in store for Ottilia. Why should we be in a hurry?"

"What is in store for us is pretty clear," replied Charlotte, with some emotion, and as it was her design to speak out plainly, she continued, "You love Ottilia, and are making yourself accustomed to her. Inclination and passion are also created and fostered on her side. Why should we not speak out in words, that which every hour acknowledges? Shall we not have so much foresight as to ask what is to come of this?"

"If an answer cannot be given at once," said Edward, collecting himself, "at least as much as this can be said, that we first resolve to await the instruction of the future, when we cannot exactly say what will come of a matter."

"In the present case," retorted Charlotte, "no great foresight is required, and at all events we may say this, that we are neither of us young enough to go blindfold into an improper course. No one can any longer look after us; we must be our own friends, our

own tutors. No one expects to see us driven to extremities; no one expects to find us culpable or ridiculous."

"Can you blame me," said Edward, who could not answer the plain open speech of his wife; "Can you blame me, if I take Otilia's interest to heart. I do not speak of a future interest, which is not to be estimated, but of the present. Think for yourself honestly, and without self-deceit, what it would be to tear away Otilia from our society, and place her among strangers. I at least do not feel cruel enough to counsel such a change."

Charlotte clearly perceived the resolution of her husband, in spite of his dissimulation, and now, for the first time, she felt how far he was estranged from her. With some emotion she cried out: "Can Otilia be happy if she divides us—if she deprives me of a husband, and his children of a father?"

"As for our children, I should have thought they were provided for," said Edward with a cold smile; but he added, somewhat more timidly, "Why should the worst be imagined at once?"

"Because the worst lies nearest to passion," returned Charlotte. "Do not, while there is yet time to profit by it, reject the good advice and assistance I offer. In obscure cases those must act and assist who see most clearly. I am such a one in the present case. Dear dearest Edward, do be persuaded by me. Can you counsel me at once to renounce my well-earned happiness—the holiest rights,—in a word, to renounce you?"

"Who says anything of the kind?" said Edward, with some confusion.

"Yourself," replied Charlotte; "while you wish Otilia to be kept near us, do you not yourself allow of all the consequences? I will not press you; but if you cannot subdue yourself, at any rate you will not be able to deceive yourself much longer."

Edward felt how perfectly she was in the right. An uttered word is a terrible thing when it at once expresses what the heart has long permitted, and it was only for a moment's evasion that Edward said, "I do not clearly know what you propose."

"My plan," replied Charlotte, "was to consider both propositions, for there is a great deal of good in both. The school appears most suitable for Otilia when I consider what the girl is now. But, on the other hand, the grander position promises more when I consider what she's to become." She then explained to her husband in detail the two positions, and concluded with these words. "For my own part, I should prefer the lady's house to the school for several reasons, but on this account particularly, because I do not wish to increase the inclination, nay the passion which the young man at the school felt for Otilia."*

Edward appeared to assent, but it was only to obtain a respite. Charlotte determined to do something decisive at once when she found she had no immediate opposition from Edward, embraced the opportunity of appointing the departure of Otilia within the next few days. Every thing had already been got ready quietly for her departure.

Edward shuddered, he considered he was betrayed, and looked upon the really amiable discourse of his wife as preconceived, artful, and systematically contrived, to separate him for ever from his happiness. He seemed to leave the whole affair in her hands, but internally he had formed his resolution. Only to gain breathing time and to avert the inevitable evil of Otilia's removal, he determined to quit the house himself, and indeed not unknown to Charlotte, whom he managed to deceive by saying that he would not be present at Otilia's departure, nay, that he would not so much as see her from the present moment. Charlotte, who thought she had gained him to her wishes, rendered every assistance. He ordered his horses, gave his valet the necessary directions as to what was to be packed up, and how he should follow him, and then, without forethought, sat down and wrote:

EDWARD TO CHARLOTTE.

"The evil that has befallen us, my love, may be curable, or it may not, but this I feel, that if I am not to be driven to immediate despair, I must have respite for myself—for us all. While I sacrifice myself, I may make demands. I quit my house, and will only return when the prospects are more favourable and more calm. You, in the meanwhile, shall possess it, but with Otilia.

* Charlotte alludes to the teacher, whose letters appear in the early part of the romance.—TRANSLATOR.

"I will know that she is with you, and not with strangers. Take care of her, treat her as you have hitherto done, nay, even with more kindness and tenderness. I promise that I will carry on no clandestine intercourse with Otilia. Rather let me be for a time altogether ignorant how you are going on, and I will imagine the best. Imagine the same of me. On this point, above all, I insist with the greatest urgency; make no attempt to settle Otilia elsewhere, or to bring her into any new connections. If she goes beyond the circle of your castle and park, and is entrusted to strangers, she belongs to me, and I will take charge of her. If you have any regard for my inclinations, my wishes, my pains; if you honour my fancies, my hopes, I will not resist the chance of recovery, if it presents itself."

The last sentence flowed from his pen, but not from his heart. Nay, when he saw it on the paper, he began to weep bitterly. That he, in any manner whatever, should resign the happiness—aye, the unhappiness—of loving Otilia! Now, for the first time, he felt what he was doing. He departed without knowing what might be the consequences. For the present, at least, he was not to see her, and with what certainty could he promise himself that he should ever see her again? But the letter lay written, the horses stood at the door, and he dreaded every moment lest he should see Otilia, and find his resolution shaken. He collected himself. He considered that it would be possible for him to return any moment that he pleased, and that by absenting himself he might draw nearer to his wishes. On the other hand, he pictured to himself Otilia forced out of the house, if he remained. He sealed the letter, hurried down the steps, and sprang upon his horse.

When he rode by the inn, he saw sitting in a bower, the beggar whom he had liberally rewarded the evening before. The man was sitting comfortably at his dinner, and rising as Edward approached, bowed respectfully—even with something of adoration. This very form had appeared to him yesterday, when Otilia was leaning on his arm, and it now painfully reminded him of the happiest hour of his life. His anguish increased; the feeling of what he had lost was insupportable, and looking once more after the beggar, he exclaimed, "Oh, thou enviable man, thou canst feast on yesterday's alms, while I cannot feast on yesterday's happiness!"

(To be continued.)

† This despair of resigning even unhappiness is a beautiful touch.—TRANSLATOR.

* To prevent misunderstanding it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

NO. XVIII.

HEAUTONTIMORUMENOS.

STRANGE is the task assign'd to me by fate;
In mine own hands the deadly torch is plac'd
That I, by slow degrees, my life may waste,
And countless forms of agony create.
Of none may I complain—none, none, I hate,
But most are kindly. I myself have trac'd
The path, that by no cheerful flow'r is grac'd,
Myself have piled the soul-oppressing weight.
In place of joy I have this sullen pride,
That I create the world in which I dwell,
I do the work that cannot be undone,—
A work of misery and nought beside,
But still mine own—I stand in mine own hell,
I stand and burn alone—alone—alone.

N. D.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—Nothing novel of late has been produced at this house. The first piece performances are, however, varied nightly—the *Invisible Prince* still holding its firm place. Mr. Planche's clever two-act comedy, *Who's your Friend?* or, the *Queensberry Fête*, has been performed during this week. Mr. Webster taking Charles Mathews's original part of Giles Fairland. Mr. Webster plays the part, to our thinking, with a happier tact and a nicer discrimination than Mr. Charles Mathews, and the majority of the audience on Wednesday

night seemed to lean to our opinion, as Mr. Webster's performance was received throughout with very considerable applause. We know no one, indeed, on the present stage who can represent the rough and hearty natures of countrymen like this actor. He never forgets the rustic to assume the gentleman. He is in earnest with his part, and acts it *con amore*; and the rough humour, which is a characteristic of his comedy, aids him materially in such impersonations. Mrs. Glover played her original part of Lady Bab Blazon. She was the same as ever—let that be her eulogy. On Tuesday evening Her Majesty and Prince Albert honored the theatre with their presence. The royal couple laughed heartily at the drolleries in *The Invisible Prince*, and remained till the last *finale* was sung. The house continues to be crowded every night. All the boxes are taken several days in advance. We are delighted with this success. The enterprising manager deserves every encouragement at the hands of the public.

ADELPHI.—Notwithstanding the absence of pantomime, the Adelphi performances draw capital houses. The *Phantom Dancers* is the main cause of attraction. We understand a new drama of great interest is in preparation for Madame Celeste.

PAINCESS'S.—The new farce at this theatre, entitled *Schoolboy Frolics*, is a very amusing trifle, is excellently acted, and is received with great laughter nightly. Miss Marshall has a capital part, a mischief-loving romp—male, not female—and plays it with great spirit. It is a part something between Cherubino and Little Pickle, requiring all the *amorous* tendencies of the one, and all the fun and frolic of the other. We have not seen Miss Marshall for a long time in a character so well suited to her. She kept the whole house alive.

Miss Bassano's performances are bringing crowded and fashionable audiences nightly. We are sorry to see *The Night Dancers* withdrawn from the bills to make room for *The Seven Maids of Munich*.

OLYMPIC.—A new drama, entitled *Gaston Dubarry*; or, *a Night in La Bertaudière*, has been produced at this theatre with much success. The plot is entirely taken from the French. The drama is of the mixed school, comprising intricacies, *contretemps*, embarrassments, complications, involvements, and other interesting excitations. It is very well acted.

FRENCH PLAYS.—On Monday last M. Frederick Lemaitre again played in the *Dame de Saint-Tropez*, by order of Her Majesty, who honoured the theatre by her presence. The house was the best we have seen this season; the stalls were almost all occupied, and scarcely a private box was empty. We are glad at these indications of prosperity, and record them with unfeigned pleasure and satisfaction. Hitherto we have had every reason to be content with the exertions of the enterprising lessee: he has given us the best actors of the French capital, and the St. James's Theatre may boast of a company little, if at all, inferior to the first in Paris, and certainly superior to any beyond the *Boulevards*. Last Monday we were confirmed in our former opinion of M. Frederick Lemaitre. As regards the piece, it is of the purely melodramatic school. Written at a period of extraordinary excitement, when the famous trial of the notorious Madame Laffarge had caused a thrill of horror and disgust throughout Europe; when opinions ran high against and in favour of this modern *Brinvilliers*—just at the moment of the publication of her sickening, vapid, poisonous lucubrations, called by her *Memoires*, and blindly read, and we shuddered at the thought believed by many; this play caused a certain sensation to which, judging it on its own intrinsic worth, it had no right

whatever, even from the most vapourous waiting maids, or the most philanthropic of medical students, or long bearded *moyen âge-rapins*. Having disposed of the piece, we shall proceed to point out a few of the most salient parts of the performance. In the first place, we were deprived of one-half of the actor—we had his energy without his humour—his pathos without his satire—his tragedy without his comedy; that which distinguishes him from all living actors—the contrast between the severe and the buffo, the grave and the sarcastic, did not exist; and these are so mixed up and blended together, the public are so accustomed to the *mélange* from him, that more than once they distorted the words put into his mouth, gave them a different meaning, and indulged in laughter when tears were required at their hands, both by the author and actor. The first three acts were somewhat tame and tiresome; but the last scene of the fourth was a complete triumph, and the crowning effort of the actor. The accusation of his wife—the agonies he endures from the effects of the poison—the trembling, convulsive writhing of his whole frame—the fixed, vacant eye—the dropping of the jaw, produced a sensation which cannot be conveyed by mere description. Not a sound was heard throughout the theatre: a pin might have been heard to drop in any part of the house—all were bent forward, greedily intent on catching every word, every gesture; and when the curtain went down on this scene of horror the applause was deafening, and the actor was obliged to come forward to receive the felicitations of the audience. For the fifth act, the discovery of the real assassin was well managed, and the death scene was effective, although deficient in colouring when compared with that in the fourth. This, of course, was no fault of the actor's, the author is alone to blame for introducing an anti-climax, which destroys the effect of the *dénouement*. It would not be fair to judge M. Frederick Lemaitre from this piece; his genius is essentially versatile, change is his element; he requires a wide field, unlimited scope to be seen to advantage; a part that requires patient, careful study, elaborate finish, attention to detail, would not suit him, he would be cramped in it; that which constitutes the great comedian, the finished actor, that which elevates Perlet above all the men of the present day, is entirely wanting in Lemaitre. The one can never err, and is more refined, more polished, more brilliant every time you see him; time adds to, but cannot detract from his merit; even physical infirmities can scarcely impair his powers, for he does not depend upon them for his effects; his acting will rarely cause the house to rise as one man, or vociferate forth thunders of applause on some particular gesture or exclamation, but it will command universal attention, elicit frequent and deep-felt marks of satisfaction, please by the exquisite finish of all the parts, by the unity of conception, the absolute abandonment of everything else to the one thing in hand, and when all is over, we feel that we are satisfied with the actor and ourselves—that we have not been duped into exaggeration, but have, perhaps, rather underrated than overrated the artist. The other acts from impulse; he is great on great occasions—he carries us away with him whether we will or not; everything depends upon the humour of the moment; he does not improve, for he is no greater now than he was ten years ago; his health has a painful and most decided influence on his acting, even in those parts where no great energy is required; he astonishes to-day in a part in which he will merely succeed to-morrow. He cannot always adapt himself to a part: the part must be suited to his genius. His effects are not produced by the elaborate finish of details, but dashed off with a bold, daring, desperate hand, and consequently are dependant for success on

accident; he is child of impulse. Nature has gifted him highly; occasionally, he sports with her gifts—he rejects the pearls. In conclusion, we must not be supposed to infer that M. Frederick does not deserve the popularity which he enjoys; far from it. In drawing the above parallel between the two actors, we have merely indulged in one of those trains of reflection which have frequently struck us on witnessing their performance; and we have endeavoured to put our readers on their guard against the seductions of the latter, more specious than solid; and point out the sterling worth of the former, whose conceptions will bear the closest analysis, and stand the test of the severest criticism.

We must not forget to mention that Mademoiselle Clarisse deserves the highest commendation for the feeling and tenderness which she threw into her part. Her surprise when taunted by the multitude, her honour and agony when accused by her husband, were well conveyed, and gave a most favourable impression of her powers.

On Wednesday this same piece was again repeated.

J. DE C.—E.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

MISS BASSANO.

SIR,—Permit me to correct an error in your account of Miss Bassano last week. You assert that her voice was a decided contralto before she left England, and that since that period she has been forcing it upward from its natural pitch. This is quite a mistake; Miss Bassano's voice is now lower than ever it was, not only in compass but in quality, the upper notes having been formerly the best, as the middle ones are now; in fact, nature never intended her voice for other than what it now is. As I have known Miss Bassano from her childhood, and may, therefore, be allowed to be a competent authority on the subject, you will oblige me by the insertion of these lines.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,
Kentish Town, Tuesday, 19th January. J. G.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BERLIN.—(From a Correspondent.)—Mademoiselle Antonina di Mendi, cousin of Madame Malibran and Mademoiselle Viardot Garcia, who made so favourable an impression upon our aristocratic dilettanti during the latter part of last season, has been paying a *visite artistique* to Berlin, where she has been received with the most flattering marks of approbation; the freshness of her voice, the neatness and elegance of her style, and though last not least, her graceful deportment, have combined to render her an object of most attractive interest alike in private and public society. She has been singing with the greatest success at court, in company with Mademoiselle Viardot Garcia; the critics give their general assent, that age alone is required to make her a worthy vocal member of the Garcia family. Other foreign journals also announce a similar success having befallen this charming young artist in a recent tour through Belgium.

VENICE.—Mademoiselle Lucile Grahn was engaged for the three months of the carnival at the sum of 40,000 livres, and in quitting the Venice theatre has given up that amount, wishing to overthrow the old system of Italian pantomimes in order to introduce the modern French ballets. The *artistes* employed in the choregraphic department united with Grahn to defeat the old system. A cabal, similar to that of which Marie Taglioni was last year the victim at Milan, was organized against Lucile Grahn, and when she came on the stage for the first time in the ballet of the *Gypsy*, a dozen individuals in the pit received her with shouts and threats. The young lady remained a moment as if thunderstruck, and then, with a gesture full of calmness, ordered the curtain to be dropped, and, in spite of everything which could be done to retain her,

quitted the city immediately. Venice will long suffer from this event, for what foreign *artiste* of celebrity would come and expose herself to a similar cabal.—According to an account given in a Venice journal, the disturbance was partly caused by the prices of admission having been unexpectedly raised. Lucile Grahn is now at Milan, whence she will proceed to Vienna, at the expiration of her engagement.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—The introduction to the lecture season, which commenced last night at the theatre, was a grand concert on Tuesday evening, at the Collegiate Institution, when there was a full and fashionable auditory. The performers were, Miss Birch, Madame F. Lablache, Mr. Manvers, and Signor F. Lablache, the veteran Lindley, Mr. Carte and Mr. Hopkins. Miss Birch was in good voice, and sung well, especially in the aria "Lo! here the gentle lark," and the other performers acquitted themselves well. Macfarren's song by Madame F. Lablache "Ah, why do we love?" and which was the gem of the evening, being encored. Mr. Manvers appears to have improved. The concert terminated at a quarter to eleven.—*Liverpool Mail*, Jan. 16.

HALIFAX.—On Tuesday evening week, a grand performance of Sacred Music took place in the Parish Church, Halifax, with the organ and a chorus of sixty voices. The first part was from the Messiah; the second was a capital selection, and included Handel's choruses, "Your harps and symbols raise," "Immortal Lord," and "From the Censor." Mrs. Sunderland was the principal vocalist, and sang with her accustomed taste and feeling. Mr. Frohskier, who enjoys considerable provincial reputation as an accomplished organist, presided with great ability; indeed, he fairly promises to become one of our greatest players. The choruses were given in most excellent style. The attraction at this performance was so great that the church, which is one of the largest in the kingdom, was crowded in every part. It was estimated that there were not less than from 7,000 to 8,000 persons present. Hundreds went away unable to gain admittance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. WILSON will give an entertainment on the "Songs of the Highlands," at the Princess's Concert Room, Oxford Street, on Tuesday evening, the 26th, in behalf of the fund being raised for the Distressed Highlanders. Mr. Wilson has been giving a series of Scottish Entertainments at the Music Hall, Dublin, during the last fortnight with his accustomed success.

EXETER-HALL.—The Sacred Harmonic Society performed the "Creation" on Tuesday evening. This favourite composition of Haydn invariably collects a large audience, whether on account of the lightness of its style, compared with the more severe demands of Handel on the attention, being more appreciable by the general public, or whether on account of its being the only oratorio of that master, we are unable satisfactorily to determine. We incline to the former opinion, as it cannot be doubted that, to the unpractised ear, the flowing melodies with which the composition abounds, the "fitting" (if we may use such a term) of the words to the music, and the brilliancy pervading so many of the *morceaux*, as so much more adapted to captivate the senses, than that severe school in which Handel writes, and which requires so much attention, and time, properly to appreciate. The performance of Tuesday night partook of the sameness which usually characterises this Society's efforts. For the reasons which we have above stated, it partook a little more of the light and shade necessary in all compositions, but in no other respects was there much difference. The air and chorus, "The marvellous work," was encored. "The Heavens are telling" was rendered unintelligible by the efforts of the organist, the total disregard of time by the chorus, and the want of understanding of its nature by the conductor. We regret that the organ is so much used at these concerts.

Apart from the instrument itself not being of the first order, it is not required in an orchestra so complete as this is; and when used, it should be sparingly, and in so masterly a manner as not to elash with the instrumentation. Its obtrusiveness was particularly remarkable also, in Mr. Phillips's air, "Now Heaven in fullest glory shown." The use of the pedal on the words, "With heavy beasts the ground is trod," was in very bad taste. Mr. Lockey made his first appearance in the tenor part of this oratorio at these concerts, and the chaste style of his singing the music allotted to him deserves approbation. He was encored in the air, "In native worth," and deservedly so. Miss Birch was the soprano. The duet for soprano and bass, "Graceful consort," sung by her and Mr. Phillips was effectively performed. The oratorio was announced for repetition next Tuesday. We observe that the committee have publicly advertised the engagement of Spohr to conduct several of his compositions during the season, which we intimated in our last week's number.

THE ANCIENT CONCERTS will take place this season on Wednesday, March 10th and 24th; April 21; May 5th and 19th; June 2nd, 16th and 30th. Handel's *Messiah* will be performed on the 7th of July.

MR. HAWKINS.—A burial service by Drs. Croft and Purcell was performed in Westminster Abbey, on Tuesday morning, by the members of the choir, assisted by those belonging to the Chapel Royal, and several professional persons, as a tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Hawkins, whose remains were deposited in the Cloisters on that day.

THE MELODISTS CLUB will meet for the first time this season, being the twenty-third, on Tuesday next, at the Freemason's Tavern. The prize given by W. Dixon, Esq., for a cheerful song, to be sung and accompanied by Mr. J. L. Hatton, will be awarded at the meeting in February. Sir Andrew Barnard will give a prize for a Druidical Ode and Chorus, to be sung by Mr. Machin, &c., &c., in the course of the season. The musical members of the club only are to be the candidates, of whom there are twenty.

CHORAL HARMONISTS.—The third Concert took place this season as usual, at the London Tavern, and its performance altogether was more successful than the last meeting. Spohr's "Last Judgment," principal parts by the Misses Williams, Messrs. Lockey, Machin, and Peck, occupied the first part: the choir (kept under good restraint by Mr. Westrop) executed their portions admirably. This society, instituted many years back for the practice of choral music, offers to amateurs, and professors even, the pleasing opportunity of hearing and studying our old choral music, sacred and secular. The efficient performance of the latter description of part-writing is rendered scarce in London, by restrictions imposed upon our largest choral society. We are led to this remark by Bennett's (1590) madrigal, "All creatures now are merry-minded," which opened the second part of the concert, with an encore. This madrigal was written, with many others, in honour of Queen Elizabeth, and which is a fine specimen of our primitive part-writing. The Misses Williams sang the duet from *Der Freischütz*, "Come be gay," which produced an encore. Mr. T. H. Severn's "The Spirit of the Shell" was performed in a manner gratifying to the public, as every effort was used to represent the conception of this talented native composer. The band, led by Mr. Dando, redeemed a little unevenness in their execution of the Serenata, by a masterly performance of Weber's beautiful overture *Oberon*, which concluded the concert.

CAMILLO SIVORI.—A correspondent in a Philadelphia journal thus writes in respect of this violinist.—"I forbear

any attempt (as all attempts must be futile) to describe Sivori's playing: it is ethereal and cannot be condensed into language. This is the sober truth—it runs into and all about the heart, gushing now hither, now flitting thither, taking up with magic force its inscrutable emotions and sentiments, and whatever of poetic feeling is there, and carrying them along at will, till one is enchanted. This is the only word in the English language which gives the faintest idea of the effect of Sivori's inspiration. A female writer in New York has ventured to describe what seems to me *indescribable*: after listening to him, her critique is not only without astuteness, but is rapid and *palls*. Let all who can—go to hear him, if ever he plays in *this city*; (which if I were him, would never be graced by a repetition of a concert,) for all who do not hear him may be assured they can learn nothing from those who have had that delight. The eyes which see not his eyes when he is inspired, and the ears which do not hear the dulcet song following that inspiration, and the heart that has not been seized and held by his music, can form no conception of his poetry of sound. And so becomingly modest withal! But how often is high genius thus characterised. This communication is no *puff* of Sivori—the writer does not know him nor any one in the remotest manner connected with him or his interests—besides, Sivori cannot be *puffed*! Ole Bull could be and was, most effectually, to his hearts content and his pockets joy, (if pockets can have joy,) and I think mine danced with it last night owing to the vacancy made by some paltry coin melted away into the ethereal essence of the heart's best banquet and the dulcet song of Sivori's violin."—The letter is signed W. P. C. B. Since Sivori's arrival in America he has given six concerts at New York, nine at Boston, three at Philadelphia, two at Baltimore, and two at Washington. Besides this he has played at three of the Philharmonic Societies. His success has been very great, and perhaps a more legitimate one than that of Ole Bull.

THE PRICE OF GENIUS.—We are happy to find that, notwithstanding the alleged extinction of the drama, the price of dramatic genius has suffered no abatement. According to the latest state of the market, 100*l.* a-night has been asked, and 50*l.* a-night has been refused, by a fair ex-actress.—*Punch*.

CONCERT AT GREENWICH.—The concert which we announced last week, as been given at the Lecture Hall by Miss Moriatt O'Connor, was, in reality, given by Mr. Carte, the flute-player, the mistake having crept into our columns from an oversight in the letter of our correspondent.

NEW THEATRES.—It is currently reported that a new theatre for the legitimate drama is shortly to be built, and will be put under the direction and sole management of Mr. Macready. Mr. Buckstone's new theatre, the site of which is already fixed upon, in Leicester Square, will be commenced as soon as the list of shareholders is completed.

FANNY KEMBLE.—Speaking of literary matters, it has transpired that Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble that was) has two or more new plays ready if any manager can be found to accept her services on the terms declined by Bunn, viz. £100 a night for ten nights, and £75 for every subsequent night, the plays to be a matter of special bargain extra. Bunn's offer of £50, the highest sum, as he says, ever paid Mrs. Siddons, is considered by professionals and amateurs as most liberal, particularly as the engagement would entail another £50 a night in procuring dramatic talent necessary to afford her performances something like adequate support. With such a monstrously extravagant demand as this, in the very lowest epoch of the drama, what nonsense it is to clamour about the

extortions of foreign actors. It is, however, fortunate for the traditional reputation among present playgoers of the great ornaments of the stage, that Mrs. Butler is not to reappear. Were she to do so, the admiration entertained by those who remember in their prime Downton, Kean, Young, and the rest of the great race, of whom Farren and Mrs. Glover are the last, would be put down by the present generation to the score of mankind's natural partiality for the "scenes of their youth, when every sport could please." Fanny Kemble was the "Boz" of the stage—the pet of a coterie who succeeded in persuading the public to accept, as wonderful genius, abilities very respectable in themselves, but which would never have been regarded as anything more than respectable, were it not for incessant panegyrics of people who had the general ear, and from other causes which occur probably but once in a century, and then leave behind them a reputation that becomes a standing mystery to those who created it. Actors, however, unlike authors, once they retire famous, are famous for ever, provided they do not break the spell by an inopportune reappearance before a strange or fastidious audience; the justice of an author's temporary celebrity may at any time be tested by his works. If Mrs. Butler value the preservation of the renown that undoubtedly belongs to her, no matter how acquired, she will not furnish the present class of play-goers with materials for astonishment at the Fanny Kemble mania, of fifteen or sixteen years ago.—*Birmingham Journal*.

M. LEON-PILLET.—"The most contradictory reports have been circulated respecting the renewal of the privilege of the Opera. One party asserts that M. Leon-Pillet will resign his direction of the Opera, while others more strenuously affirm that he will still hold it, and that all will remain as heretofore. Certain journals have spoken of an interview between M. Leon-Pillet and M. Cavé, director of the FINE ARTS; but they have been rather premature in stating the result of this interview, since a definite ministerial decision must first intervene. We ourselves can positively state, that M. Leon-Pillet will still hold the privilege of the Opera, and his reinstatement will take place with a proviso that will equally satisfy the minister and the director, viz: that Leon-Pillet will have an associate. We will return to this important question, which has so much influence upon the destinies of the musical world."—*La Presse Musicale*.

AN INHARMONIOUS CHORUS.—Some nights since, the chorus employed in "The Bondman" committed, in the prompter's opinion, divers acts of insubordination. It was impossible to identify any particular offender, and a fine of sixpence was inflicted upon all the males. Every opposition was offered to this, and on Saturday night the entire body refused to go on in "The Bondman," unless their sixpences were restored to them. This the manager refused, but Mr. Harley, the stage director, drew his purse strings, and yielding to every man his little coin, peace and harmony were restored.—*Daily News*.

MUSICAL EDUCATION.—It may be said there never was a period in England when music was more cultivated than at the present day; nevertheless, the manner of its cultivation tends to deprive it of its beneficial qualities, and often renders it an evil rather than a good. It is too generally regarded and employed amongst us as one of our most trifling and frivolous amusements, instead of being studied and prosecuted as a noble science and a beautiful art, calculated to exercise the intellect—to refine the taste—to elevate the moral and religious sentiments, and to soften the heart. The substantial knowledge of the olden time is at present poorly compensated by executive dexterity. Music, as fashionably, (and, consequently), as generally cultivated, is reduced to an exhibition

of flexibility of throat and rapidity of finger. The best performer is he or she who can produce the greatest number of "demisemiquavers" in a second of time! We trust, however, that there is a prospect of better times. A desire for solid musical education is on the increase, and we are glad to see that Mr. Hackett, who has lately been appointed to the important office as organist of St. Peter's Church, and whose musical skill is well known, announces his intention of combining, with the practice of the piano-forte or organ, the theory of music. This is an advantage, of which, we doubt not, many will avail themselves.—*Liverpool Mail*.

THE SUNDAY TIMES AND COVENT GARDEN.—The above weekly journal has made the *amende honorable* for its mistatement respecting the works in progress at Covent Garden. The following letters will explain all:—

"To the Editor of the Sunday Times.

"Mr. Editor—On reading your paper of Sunday last I was surprised to find a paragraph stating that a portion of the building was giving way, which caused great excitement among the workmen, and that it was only allayed by the timely calling in of Mr. Smirke. I am sure, from your usual kindness and sense of justice to Mr. Albano and those employed under his directions, you will insert the following contradiction.

"I can say throughout the pulling down of the interior of the old theatre, and making the various and extensive alterations, there has not been the least cause to fear that any portion of the old well-built building was giving way, and neither was Mr. Smirke called in, as your correspondent calls him (but he means, I suppose, Sir Robert Smirke); and I can likewise testify that the greatest possible caution and care has been used by all those employed on the works under Mr. Albano's direction to prevent any such occurrence or inconvenience to the works or workmen. And I have Mr. Albano's instructions to invite any gentlemen of the press (or architect), that are willing to view the work now in progress, they will be at liberty to do so by sending their card to the office.

"THOMAS JULIAN.

"Covent Garden Theatre, January 14, 1847."

"Mr. Editor—The paragraph which I sent you last week, respecting Covent Garden Theatre, had its origin in a rumour which was very prevalent at the west end of the town; but which, I have found on inquiry, was utterly devoid of truth; not a single untoward event has occurred, during the progress of the extensive alterations which are making in that theatre, the walls of which are of immense thickness, and calculated to last for ages. I regret, exceedingly, that I should have been the innocent cause of giving a moment's uneasiness to any persons connected with that establishment.

"YOUR REPORTER."

This settles the question.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN OLD BELLOWS BLOWER.—The second letter has unfortunately been mislaid, but we shall be delighted to hear at all times from our kind correspondent, and the oftener the better.

A LADY SUBSCRIBER.—Many thanks for the suggestion of our fair and courteous correspondent. We will take it into consideration—though to accomplish it effectually would be little less than the labour of Hercules which involved the cleansing of the Augean stables.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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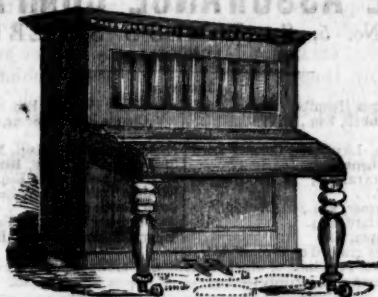
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